

A N

O C C A S I O N A L

O R A T O R I O. *K*

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Covent-Garden.

Selected from the most celebrated Compositions of the late

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, Esq.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. Tenson in the Strand.

[ Price One Shilling. ]

Price One Shilling.

Printed for J. and R. T. in London in the Strand.

W. O. M. D. O. N.



CHURCH FUND. LONDON.

Selected from the most celebrated Compositions of the late

THE VENERABLE FATHER in Covent-Garden.

OF THE

OF R. V. I. O. R. I. O.

OCCASIONAL

OF THE



A N

# OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.

## PART *the* FIRST.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

**J**EHOVAH Lord! how great, how wond'rous great,  
How glorious is thy Name through all the Earth!  
When I behold the Heavens, thy Finger's Art,  
The Moon, and Stars which thou so bright hast set  
In the pure Firmament, then saith my Heart,  
Lord what is Man, that thou remember'st him!

A 2

AIR.



## A I R.

*Lord God of Hosts, to whom the Pray'r  
Of contrite Souls is dear ;  
Thou God, our Shield, propitious prove,  
And thy anointed bear ;  
For in thy Courts one Day to be,  
Is better, and more blest.  
Than in the Joys of Vanity  
A thousand Days at best.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

The highest, who in Heaven doth dwell,  
Shall laugh to scorn his Enemies,  
The Lord shall speak to them in his Wrath,  
And in his fell and fierce Ire trouble them.  
For I (saith He) have anointed him my King,  
My chosen King, on Sion's holy Hill.

## A I R.

*Fly from the threat'ning Vengeance, fly ;*

*Ere it is too late*

*Avoid your Fate,*

*The Bolt once thrown, ye surely die :*

*Put not your Trust*

*In the Unjust,*

*Who lift their Heads so high.*

*Fly from,*

Da. Capon.  
R. E. C. I. T.



R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Humbled with Fear, and awful Reverence,  
 Before the Footstool of his Majesty,  
 Throw thyself down with trembling Innocence,  
 Nor dare to cast thy weak, thy dazzled Eye  
 On the dread Face of that great Deity,  
 For fear, lest if he chance to look at thee,  
 Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

## A I R.

*His Scepter is the Rod of Righteousness,  
 With which he bruises all his Feet to Dust,  
 And the great Dragon strongly doth repress  
 Under the Rigour of his Judgment just:  
 His Seat is Truth, to which the Faithful trust:  
 From whence proceed her Beams so pure and bright,  
 That all about him sheddeth glorious Light:  
 His Scepter is the Rod of Righteousness,  
 With which he bruises all his Foes to Dust.*

## A I R.

*Be wise at length, ye Kings avers,  
 Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth,  
 With Fear Jehovah serve.*

## C H O R U S.

*Be wise at length, ye Kings averse,  
 Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth,  
 With Fear Jehovah serve : Or brought full low,  
 With iron Scepter brui'd, and then dispos'd,  
 Scatter'd like Sheep, ye perish in your Way.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Of many Millions the populous Rout,  
 I fear not, tho' incamping round about  
 They pitch their Tents against me,  
 My God will rise, my Help is in the Lord.

## A I R.

Jehovah is my Shield, my Glory ;  
 Him thro' my Story  
 Th' Exalter of my Head I count ;  
 Aloud I cry'd,  
 He soon reply'd,

*And beard me from his holy Mount :  
 I lay and slept, and wak'd again,  
 The Lord himself did me sustain.*

Jehovah is my Shield, &c. Da Capo.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Madmen or Fools stand not within my sight,  
 All Workers of Iniquity thou hat'st,  
 And them, unblest, thou wilt destroy;  
 The bloody and gulleful Man thou dost detest.  
 Let thankful Man obedient bow the Head;  
 And in loud Anthems celebrate thy Name.

## A N T H E M.

## C H O R U S.

*Sing unto God ye Kingdoms of the Earth,  
 O sing Praises unto his Name.*

Solo.

*Blessed are all they that fear the Lord:*

*O well is thee and happy shalt thou be.*

Accomp. *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting!*

## C H O R U S.

*And let all the People say Amen. Hallelujah. Amen.  
 Praise ye the Lord, blessed be the Lord,  
 From everlasting to everlasting, Amen, Hallelujah.  
 Amen.*

End of the First Part.



PART the SECOND.

AIR.

**O** Liberty! thou Goddess bright,  
Profuse of Bliss and sweet Delight;  
Eternal Pleasures with thee reign,  
And Plenty leads thy smiling Train;  
Thou mak'st the Face of Nature gay,  
And giv'st fresh Beauty to the Day.

RECITATIVE.

Methinks prophetic Visions from above  
Descend upon me, Britain's better Days  
Break forth at once, a long and shining Train.

AIR.

War with sullen Steps retiring,  
Peace returns, Delight inspiring,  
Art and Nature both befriending,  
Death, and all his Horrors, ending;  
Raise to Peace the joyful Song.  
Fields again with Harvests waving,  
Streams unshain'd the Meadows laving,  
Give us Plenty, Health, and Pleasure,  
Blameless Pride, and rightful Treasure;  
Let thy Reign O Peace! be long.

CHO-

CHORUS.

*May God, from whom all Mercies spring,  
Blest the true Church, and save the King!  
With firm united Hearts we all  
Will conquer in his Cause, or fall.*

*May God, &c. Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE.

The Lord hath heard my Pray'r,  
Mine Enemies shall all be blank and dash'd  
With much Confusion; then grown red with Shame,  
They shall return in haste the Way they came,  
And in a Moment shall be quite abash'd.

A I R.

*God is my Strength, my Treasure,  
Peace dwells with him, and Pleasure,  
Safe are his holy Ways;  
What Foe should Virtue fear?  
She needs nor Shield, nor Spear,  
The Lord, her help, is near,  
Resound Jehovah's Praise.*

CHORUS.

*All his Mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.*

A I R.

A I R.

*Why, ah why do Mortals erring,  
Every Danger too thoughtless incurring,  
Good refuse, and Ill preferring,*

*Leave the Paths of Righteousness!*

*" Running thus to certain Ruin,*

*" Fools, what is it you're pursuing,*

*" Lasting Pain through transient Bliss.*

D U E T.

*After long Storms and Tempests overblown,*

*The Sun, at length, his joyful Face doth clear;*

*Thus after Fortune's Rage is shown,*

*A blissful Hour at last is known,*

*Else would afflicted Man despair.*

Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E accompanied.

To God, our Strength, sing loud and clear,

Sing loud to God our King,

To Jacob's God, that all may hear,

Loud Acclamations ring.

A I R.

*Prepare the Hymn, prepare the Song,*

*The Timbrel hither bring;*

*The cheerful Psaltry bring along,*

*And Harp with pleasant String.*

CH O-



## C H O R U S.

*Prepare the Hymn, prepare the Song,  
The Timbrel hither bring;  
The chearful Psaltry bring along,  
And Harp with pleasant String.*

## A I R.

*Tell me, ye starry Host,  
What are the Rays ye boast;  
Whence do your Glories take their rise?  
Father! the Work is thine,  
Thou giv'st their Orbs to shine,  
Sun, Moon, and Stars, thro' thee illum'd the Earth and Skies.  
God is the Father, He  
Light of the World must be;  
Or Dark, for ever dark, wou'd wretched Man remain,  
In his paternal Love,  
His Creatures live, and move,  
He is the Life and Light, all without him were vain.*

*Da Capo.*

## C H O R U S.

*Hallelujah, your Voices raise,  
Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, to praise.*      Hallelujah.

End of the Second Part.

B 2

P A R T



PART the THIRD.

CHORUS.

**I** Will sing unto the Lord  
For he hath triumphed gloriously,  
The Horse and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea.

A I R.

Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in  
The Mountain of thine Inheritance, in the place  
O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in,  
In the Sanctuary, O Lord, which thy Hands have established.

CHORUS.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, amongst the Gods?  
Who is like thee? Glorious in Holiness!  
Fearful in Praises! doing Wonders!

A I R.

## A I R.

*The Lord doth great and mighty Things -  
For righteous Nations, righteous Kings;  
But bends his Bow, and whets his Sword  
'Gainst all who scorn his sacred Word.*

## C H O R U S.

*He gave th' Egyptians Storms for Rain.*

## C H O R U S.

*He gave them Hailstones for Rain,  
Fire mingled with the Hail ran along upon the Ground.*

## A I R.

*When warlike Ensigns wave on high,  
And Trumpets pierce the vaulted Sky,  
The frighted Peasant sees his Field,  
For Corn, an iron Harvest yield.*

*No Pasture on the Plain appears,  
And rural Joys are chang'd to Tears;  
Be calm, and Heav'n will soon dispose  
To future Good our present Woes.*

R E C I -



## R E C I T A T I V E.

And see the mystic Effence now descends,  
 Spirit of Peace, while from his Wings he shakes  
 The healing Dew of Concord ; lo ! where late  
 The Raven snuff'd his Prey, and the fierce Tide  
 Of War laid desolate ; the Olive rears  
 His verdant Branches ; and the Gentle Dove  
 Cooes to its Mate ; blest be the sacred Voice,  
 That cry'd to Devastation, hold ! that wrested  
 The Sword from mad Ambition, and conferr'd  
 The Blessings of Tranquillity and Safety  
 Upon the harra's'd World.

## A I R.

*Glorious Victors, who Subduing,  
 Seek not Fame from boundless Ruin,  
 But with Conquest Mercy blend —  
 Cease, ye Nations, cease your Quarrels !  
 What are Trophies, what are Laurels ?  
 Peace can nobler Honours lend.*

## C H O R U S.

*Millions unborn shall bless the Hand,  
 That gave Deliverance to the Land.*

## A I R.

## A I R.

*Calm Peace appearing,  
 Each Prospect clearing,  
 New Lustre paints the Sky,  
 All Clouds before her fly,  
 O Peace! thou Star divine,  
 With Influence benign,  
 Long may thy Glory shine!*

## D U E T.

*Let Caesar and Urania live!  
 Let all Delights the Stars can give,  
 Upon the royal Pair descend!  
 Let Discord to the Shades be driv'n!  
 While Earth and Sky our Songs attend,  
 And thus our loyal Vows ascend,  
 O! preserve 'em, Heaven!*

## A N T H E M.

*Blessed are all they that fear the Lord:  
 God save the King!  
 Long live the King!  
 May the King live for ever! Hallelujah! Amen.*

\* By Purcell.

F I N I S.

1770

B I M I B

With the King's most Excellent Majesty

Charles the Third

By Appointment

Printer of the Royal Academy



O. I. Taylor, Printer, in the Strand

Printed by W. B. Smith, at the Sign of the

Three Kings, in the Strand, near the Temple

Church, London

Printed by W. B. Smith, at the Sign of the

Three Kings, in the Strand, near the Temple

Church, London

Printed by W. B. Smith, at the Sign of the

Three Kings, in the Strand, near the Temple

Church, London

Printed by W. B. Smith, at the Sign of the

Three Kings, in the Strand, near the Temple

Church, London

Printed by W. B. Smith, at the Sign of the

Three Kings, in the Strand, near the Temple

Printed by W. B. Smith, at the Sign of the

Three Kings, in the Strand, near the Temple



